

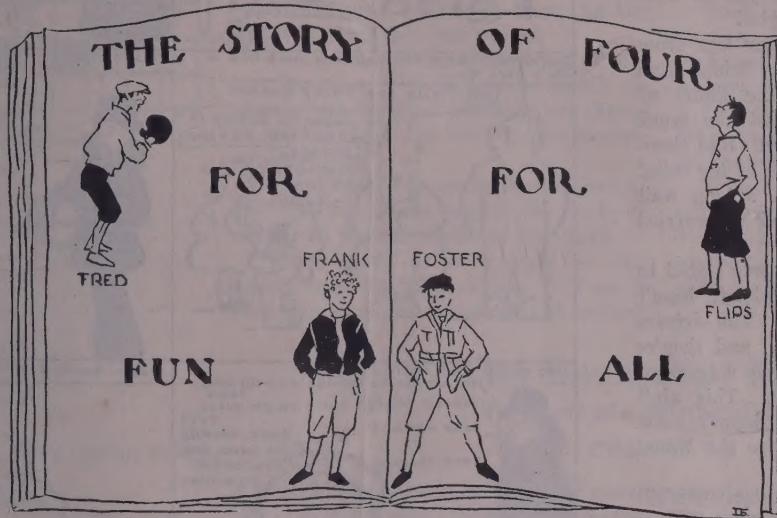
THE BEACON



VOLUME XV. No. 17

THE BEACON PRESS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

JANUARY 25, 1925



By ALAN HILL

THEY were called the Quartette at Cranston Academy, the four boys whose names all started with F—Fred Collier, Frank Dane, Foster Hovey, and Flips Brown; and they lived up in the Tower Suite in old Phillips Hall. "A quartette in F," Dr. Andrews, the headmaster, used to call them; "and the best part of it is that they're always in harmony!"

Fred Collier was a blue-eyed, freckle-faced lad, who stood squarely on his feet and wielded a mighty bat on the baseball nine. Frank Dane, slender and quiet, was the Junior soloist in the Academy choir and an easy, gentle accompaniment to Flips Brown, the red-haired, excitable school clown, who was the despair of the night watchman and his faculty adviser, and the "Well, what's Flips been doing?" of the Academy in general. The "fourthly" was Foster Hovey, clear-headed and broad-shouldered for his age, who steered his comrades around easily, without they're knowing that they were being steered.

It was a Friday night in April, and Fred, Frank and Foster were lounging about in the Tower Suite, when a shrill whistle outside sent Foster to open one of the small-paned windows and stick his head out.

"Hi, you three!" Flips shouted gleefully; "I've got the best news in a long time! Just been to chapel—and guess what?"

"Dunno," called back Foster. "Come

up and tell us what you were doing at chapel, anyway."

"All right, up in a minute!" yelled Flips, and darted around the corner of the building. There were loud clumps on the stairs, and Flips burst into the room, his eyes telling the news like excited advance scouts.

"An extra day on Monday! Conference of Associated Preparatory Schools here—or something like that! What'll we do?"

"It doesn't sound right," grinned Frank. "And what I want to know is, what you were doing in chapel."

"Oh, I used up my cuts for the semester last night, and Van pulled me along with him."

"A straight week-end of three days—what'll we do with it?" asked Foster.

"Something good—a bumming trip somewhere. The weather's slick! It'll be great!" said Flips, kicking his heels eagerly together from the window ledge.

"Where'll we go? New York, New Haven, Boston?" queried Fred.

"Let's just start out tomorrow morning at seven and take whatever turns up," offered Frank. "That'll be the most fun!"

"Righto," agreed Foster. "At seven bells the clans will gather at Wesley Steps. No bags—no luggage at all. Don't fool around over breakfast, Flips! We want to get an early start!"

Saturday dawned a clear, fresh day, filled with gypsy winds and tossing sunlight. The best kind of a day to usher in the Quartette's adventure trek.

Foster marshaled his recruits together, finding it necessary to head a search for the belated Flips, who was discovered stuffing his pockets with all the breakfast left-overs that the delighted cook would give him.

A good half-hour past seven saw the four cavorting down the drive and out the gates, where the road stretched broad and winding ahead of them.

"Whee-ee," screeched Flips. "Let 'em come! Three good days and nothing to do but walk along and *take your fun where you find it!*"

"Here comes a truck—now! Let's hop a ride as far as he'll take us," cried Fred.

"Hey—give us a lift?" shouted Flips.

The truck driver grinned and stopped for the four to pile on.

"Where're you going?" he threw over his shoulder as the truck gathered speed and roared down the road.

"We don't know—anywhere!" said Foster.

"Well, the load's bound for Boston, but I'm taking it only as far as Worcester. It's almost straight fittings and provisions for the *Lady Slipper*. She sails from the wharves at Boston on Sunday, and the Sussex Naval Supplies are sending the load right through."

"Well, I reckon it's Boston," said Fred.

"The *Lady Slipper* sounds good to me," said Frank. "Maybe we can ship as crew for a couple of days!"

"No chance, buddy," said Rod, the truck man. "The *Lady Slipper* is part owned

by the Government, and they're sending her out on special reasons, this trip." He nodded wisely.

"It sounds jolly," said Flips. "Let's leave this jaunt to the *Lady Slipper*. I think we've tumbled on something good!"

The heavy wheels of the truck sped down the road, overtaking slower caravans and vehicles, and even showing its heels to a racing Stutz, manned by a Cranston lad.

"Yea, Jim!" shouted Flips, hanging from one ear from the truck. "Why don't you pick a real bus? See you at nine o'clock Math—Tuesday, maybe!"

The Quartette dangled their legs from the rear, and chewed apples fished from Flips' bulging pockets. The limits of Worcester were entered, and the truck drew up at a large warehouse. Rod clambered out and went in search of the relief driver. He was back after a long wait and came over to the boys with a worried look.

"Murphy, the driver who was slated to take the load to Burr's wharf, hasn't shown up today, they say. The drivers are all tied up for the day, and they're short-handed. I'm due to take a truck to Springfield in ten minutes. This ain't regular—but if the driver doesn't show up in an hour, will you wire the Naval Supplies in Pittsfield?"

"Sure enough," said Foster. "We'll manage the truck. Didn't you take us on all the way to Worcester? Enough said!"

"Thanks, that helps me out a lot," said Rod. "Good-bye, and good luck!"

"Well, we've annexed a truck so far," said Fred; "and if worse comes to worse, I can take it up to Boston. I ran Uncle Bill's Republic all last summer!"

But Rod had barely left them when a man approached them in overalls, his cap pushed down over his eyes which squinted furtively in the sunshine.

"This the truck that's carrying the *Lady Slipper's* load?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Foster. "Are you Murphy, who's slated to take the truck up to Boston?"

"That's me," he said laconically, and then looked over the outfit of four. "Where did the Naval Supplies pick you up? Are you part of the load?"

"That's us!" returned Flips, as laconically as the driver. "They engaged us to sit on the truck and wave fans—good old Egyptian style, you know, over the fishing tackle and—er—anchors!"

"Humph!" grunted the driver suspiciously. "You're a bunch of fresh kids! Anyway, this truck may not make Boston tonight, so perhaps you'd better take the train and be sure about sailing with the *Lady Slipper* tomorrow!"

"But it's due to reach Boston tonight. We'll just stand by the truck, I guess," said Foster firmly.

The driver growled inarticulately and grabbed the wheel angrily. The truck got

(Continued on page 101)



GOLDILOCKS' DIARY

JANUARY 25, 1925.

Hello, Diary!

I haven't been able to find you till tonight! Bobby Bear has been teasing me about my Diary Corner, and he hid my diary under the mattress of my bed—so I couldn't be in last week's *Beacon*! I've been hunting high and low and just saw the edge of it sticking out from a spring now. I'm going to ask the *Beacon* editor to have a rhyme about him in his own corner, so there!

Today Mary Quite Contrary and Red Riding Hood and I went ice-skating! O-o-o-o-h, it was more fun, and the Butcher and the Baker and the Candlestick Maker raced us in their old tub! They had a flour-sack for a sail, and made about a foot a minute!

"O-ho-o,

Rub-a-dub-dub,

"Three men in a tub," Contrary Mary kept calling—and then a big gale came up and their old flour-sack filled right up and they beat us the last minute!

"Never mind," said the nice old Baker-man, "the treats are on us just the same! Come over to my shop and we'll have cocoa and little pink frosted cakes!"

And so we all did, and the Candlestick Maker brought cunning little green and rose candles to light on the cakes, and the Butcher brought little chicken patties on little flower-sprigged dishes, and we all laughed and played games around the fire till the Baker-man said with a twinkle:

"M'ladies, your tub waits without," and so we all tumbled out, and it wasn't a tub at all, but a little white cutter-sleigh with silver bells that jingled us all home!

Now to bed—and I'll hide my diary—where? Behind the books in Father Bear's Bookshelf, sure enough!

Goodnight!
Sweet dreams!

GOLDI.

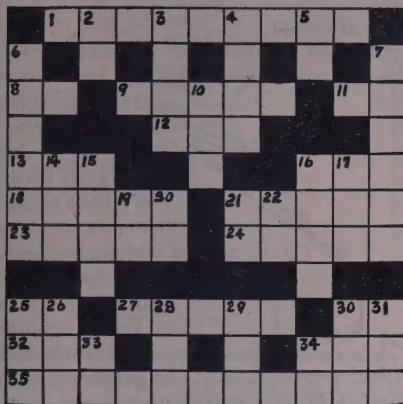
Hill Trail

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

The little ears
Climb high, high, high!
Their lights are stars
That try and try

To reach their cousins
In the sky!

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. A church in our town.
2. A pronoun.
3. A girl's name.
4. Abbreviation of a south Atlantic state.
5. Part of the head.
6. A rodent often found on ships.
7. More than is desirable.
8. A group of pupils.
9. A musical instrument.
10. Worn by angels.
11. A heavenly messenger.
12. A river in Italy.
13. A story with a moral.
14. Old Testament times.
15. A period of time.
16. To shake.
17. A suburb of Boston where Theodore Parker once preached.

VERTICAL

1. A negative.
2. Right; loyal.
3. Back part.
4. A preposition.
5. Where we should go with our parents on Sundays.
6. A place to learn.
7. A boy's name (abbreviated).
8. Abbreviation of a Gulf state.
9. Having height.
10. Labels tied on.
11. A number.
12. Thus, therefore.
13. Abbreviation used for the Church School.
14. Father.
15. A preposition.
16. A seat in church.
17. Found in mines.
18. Something we need night and day.
19. A brand of soap flakes.
20. An obstruction.
21. A shrill call.
22. So.
23. Abbreviation for one of the months.

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under way swiftly, and soon the limits were passed, and it was moving swiftly down the road.

"This chap doesn't look good to me," said Foster, as the Quartette crouched in conclave at the back end of the truck. "I don't believe he's Murphy at all!"

"There's something rotten in Denmark"; Fred wagged his head sagely. "D'you remember that Rod said the *Lady Slipper* was partly used by the Government and that they were sending her out on 'special reasons' this trip?"

"I think he's naturally horned in on the change of drivers . . . may have even seen to it that Murphy didn't show up today," said Frank. "We'd better keep a close eye on him."

The driver hunched low over the wheel but turned to look uneasily ever so often

over his shoulder. The bright April day was softening its sunshine with long slanting shadows, when the out-lying districts of Boston were reached. Then quite suddenly the big truck was turned from the main thoroughfare that ran into the heart of the city, and went rocking down a side-road.

"Wonder what he's up to now?" Flips muttered.

It was seven o'clock in the evening, and quite dark when the truck drew to an abrupt halt before a group of ramshackle buildings, quite a distance from the last dwelling-place they had passed.

"He isn't doing this alone," said Foster in a low voice. "We'll have to be still obviously 'out for fun,' and wait our chance to get the truck and steer it into Boston, *pronto!*"

A light flashed in one of the windows of the darkened house nearest the road—in answer to the headlights of the truck.

"There seems to be a light in that house," said the truck driver. "I'll see if they can give me some oil and water."

He hurried quickly up the rickety path that led to the house.

"Now's our chance! Get in the front seat, Fred, and be ready to go. We'll wait and see when is the best time to jump," said Foster quietly.

The driver reappeared from the house, and started quickly down the path, followed by three men whose looks didn't augur well for the truck bound with provisions for the *Lady Slipper*.

"Now!" cried Foster. "Step on her, Fred!"

Fred whirred the starter, shifted the gears swiftly, and the truck plunged heavily ahead. Loud shouts followed them and a sharp fusilade of revolver shots.

"All speed, Fred," urged on Foster; "they have ears with them and will be right on our track!"

"I know a back road that cuts off a lot of distance to Burr's wharf," offered Frank quietly. "My grandfather was a sea-captain and he used to drive me in, with his horses, every Sunday!"

(Continued on page 104)

The Enchanted House

By Gertrude Winham Fielder

CHAPTER III

THE two persons who stood framed in the doorway were Ruth and Donald Eaton!

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" shouted the nieces and nephews.

"Well, well, well!" cried Donald; "look who's here."

"Miss Wingate, didn't you have children enough, but you must needs annex another?" laughed Ruth.

"She won't tell Auntie Jean where she lives, or her name, or anything," said Betty.

"A little girl without a name, how funny!" exclaimed Donald. "Well, if she hasn't any name of her own, we'll have to give her one, that's certain. She's so small I propose we call her Peanut. You don't suppose a squirrel lost her out of his market basket, do you?"

The strange little girl looked up into Donald's merry blue eyes and smiled for the first time.

And then bedlam was let loose, for the nieces and nephews began talking all at once in their endeavor to explain about the strange little girl, their manner of entrance into the house, the bird calls that greeted that entrance, and last but not least, they wanted the whys and the wherefores of the presence of the latest arrivals.

"Did you know we were here? Did you lose your way? Did you take the wrong road to Fairville?" were some of the questions showered upon Ruth and Donald.

"We did and we didn't, to answer your last question first," said Donald. "It happened on this wise. After spending some time deciphering the guidepost, we finally made out the name we were looking for,

namely, Fairville. Accordingly, we took the turn to the left as the hand directed. It was a bad road, a very bad road, and strangely, or so it seemed to us, there were no houses or buildings of any kind to be seen. By and by, however, we met a man, who told us it was a back road and didn't go 'nowhere.' When I told him we followed directions *a la* guidepost, he laughed immoderately. When he could control his facial muscles, he explained that during a heavy wind storm, the signpost had blown down, and in setting it up again, he must have turned it around. To judge by the paroxysm of mirth that shook him before and after the telling, he evidently considered it a huge joke."

"I didn't," declared Ruth; "it was the roughest ride we ever accomplished with the aid of our poor old flivver. Once, when we hurtled a log, I thought Donald would be hurled overboard, and the car and incidentally Ruth Eaton, left to their fate; but the next instant we were coursing gaily and recklessly toward a stone wall. That destruction averted, we splashed through divers and sundry mud puddles, which on account of the narrowness of the road could not be averted but had to be taken as they came. What's that?"

"That" was a musical from Bobbie's little chair.

"And see all the money, gold money!" cried Paul.

"Captain Kidd's treasure trove unearthed at last!" exclaimed the minister's son. "Who found it?"

"I did," answered Paul proudly.

"By accident," said Aunt Jean. "Sup-

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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Being a Christian

BY THE EDITOR

ALL those who have our liberal faith in their hearts ought to be the happiest people in the world. That faith shows us what is best worth while. It helps us to find God, an invisible Presence with us every day. It shows us how to have the Christ spirit in our hearts, the spirit of faith, of love, of service. A story will help us to understand.

A peasant had been won to the Christian faith and at first was very happy in it, and loyal to it. After a year or more he complained to his teacher that the joy he had known at first had left him; his prayers did not bring him comfort or relief; he did not know what to do.

The holy man looked at his humble pupil for a long time without speaking. Then he led him to the market-place, where weary toilers were working far beyond their strength. "Bear some of the burdens of your brethren," said the teacher, and passed on, leaving the peasant standing in the midst of the workers, wondering. "I thought surely the good teacher would be sorry for me, and say things to comfort me, and pray with me," he said to himself, feeling hurt and indignant.

Then he thought of what his teacher had said, that he was to help others bear their burdens. In spite of himself, he began to be interested in these people about him and wondered what he might do for them.

Along the crowded, narrow street a lad was leading a donkey heavily laden. In the crush the heavy pack slipped, the thongs that bound it were loosened and it fell to the ground. The boy tried in vain

to lift it and place it again on the donkey's back, but it was too heavy for him. The crowd jeered and made fun of him, but not one offered to help him.

Then the peasant sprang to the boy's side. "I'll lift with you," he said, and putting his great strength to the burden soon had it in place and securely tied. The lad smiled at him, and suddenly the peasant thought of another lad, the son of a carpenter, who once worked in Nazareth, and a feeling of joy came into his heart.

The peasant walked on until he met an aged man carrying a heavy burden on his back, so bowed under his load that he could scarcely move.

"The strong should bear burdens for the weak," he said, lifting the bundle to his own shoulders. "Lead on, I will carry your load."

As the pathetic eyes of the old man were lifted to his, the peasant remembered that Jesus had fallen under the weight of his cross; and he carried the load of this brother as if he were carrying the burden his Master had found too great. Then he was filled with a great happiness. "I am a Christian now, I know I am," he said to himself, and repeated a verse he had learned from his teacher: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

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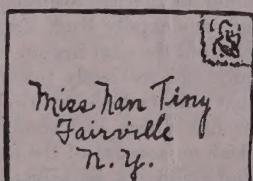
As the Pen and Ink Told It

By Marion Ward

LOOKOUT LODGE,
LAKE WATTAPAU, N. Y.

Dearest Nan!

Start to pack your bag the first second after you read this letter and make tracks, train tracks, to Lookout Lodge, Lake Wattapau! This flu vacation is going to be the best ever! I reached home and told the family that Miss Morrow's was closed "indefinitely" yesterday and you'd think I was a young bomb. Mother said that she and Dad and Pinky were closing the house and going to California the next



This is the letter
that starts the
story -

day—train reservations all made, etc., and that I couldn't stay home! Then Dad came up with the brightest thought—"Why not Lookout Lodge, if Dickey takes Anne, and Ben will leave his traps and hunting to take care of the fires? It will be easier to keep up than the house, and if Dickey can get some friend to stay with her—"

Could I? Or rather, can you? O Nan, it will be glorious, and tell Guardy you will say it with a letter every single night if he'll let you come! Hastily,

DICKEY.

FAIRVILLE, N. Y.

MISS DICKEY BROWN,

MERRYVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR DICKY I CAN EXCLAMATION ARRIVE FIVE OCLOCK LAKE PLACID TOMORROW.

NAN.

LOOKOUT LODGE,
LAKE WATTAPAU, N. Y.

Dear Guardy:

Old Ben is waiting to mail this to you down at the village, and oh, all I can say is

that everything is wonderful!

Snow in big drifts so that we have to put on snowshoes when we leave the cabin door!

Sort of like Venice minus the canals and gondolas plus

snow and snowshoes. The

Lake below the

cabin has been cleared for skating, and this cabin is the cunningest place ever! Made from real logs with little small-paned windows that swing out and the biggest stone fireplace, where the Brown's Anne does all the cooking!

Skiing's on the program tomorrow, Guardy dear, and, oh, if it weren't too hard on the victims I'd say: "Vive le flu at Miss Morrow's!"

Your Nanook of the North,
NAN!

LOOKOUT LODGE,
LAKE WATTAPAU, N. Y.

'Lo Guardy:

It's Nan—just back with Dicky from a snowshoe hike down to the Falls! We're sitting in front of the fire, where Anne's sizzling bacon and baking some of the best-looking johnny-cake you ever laid eyes on! Um-yum-m! This morning we skied down West Slope in back of the cabin; and Guardy, this is terribly exciting, we saw some funny looking tracks that seemed to be going in circles at the foot of the hill. Old Ben said they were bear tracks, and that the old fellow had been pretty near the cabin last night. He set traps and baited them with venison and said that in a day or two we'd see results!

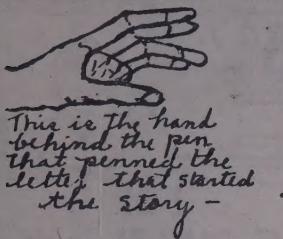
Johnny-cake's ready, so good-bye, Guardy!

Always,
NAN.

LOOKOUT LODGE,
LAKE WATTAPAU, N. Y.

Hail, best of Guardians!

Salute Nan Tiny, chief of bear capturers! Yes sir, it all happened late last night. Dicky and I had had a perfect perfectum of a day! Ice hockey in the morning and ice-boating in the afternoon, with Old Ben as skipper! We just tore down the lake at about forty miles per hour and then back, with the sky like an uncut turquoise above—and the ice as clear as crystal beneath. Then back to the cabin fire, where we made way with a third of



a big baked ham, ate dozens of hot biscuits, and licked two jars of honey clean!

Late that night, when Dicky and I were asleep in our cots in front of the fire and Anne, dead to the world in the corner bunk, I woke up suddenly and sat right up. There was something bumping heavily against the door and a scratching at the keyhole! Old Bruin, I thought, and sure enough, when I crept over to a window and looked out, I could see him rubbing himself against the door. One of Old Ben's traps was in a corner, and I baited it with some of the ham by the flickering light of the fire. I swung one of the front windows open and tossed the trap noiselessly out into a big drift. Old Bruin caught the odor of the ham like lightning, in the cold air, and over he lumbered, and presto—click! his front leg was caught in the trap. Oooof-woof, such growlings! Anne and Dicky both woke up, and Anne said that he'd be safe till morning, and so he was till Old Ben came and killed him. He promised Dicky and me a bearskin rug for our room at school!

Now it's ho for some skating!

Your Big Game Hunter,
NAN.

LOOKOUT LODGE,
LAKE WATTAPAU, N. Y.

Oh, Dear Guardy!

Meaning, oh, dear, and oh, dear Guardy!

I got the enclosed notification of Miss

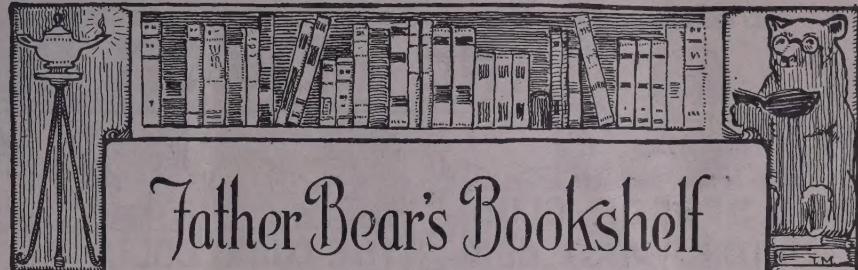
Morrow's opening of school, and you'll see one Nan Tiny home to pack her trunk tomorrow. I'm glad you asked for the letter, Guardy dear, because it'll be the best sort of a diary for this gorgeous winter vacation! Dicky has even kept the telegram I



This is Dicky who
wrote the hand
behind the pen
that penned the
letter that started
the story!

sent her, and we're going to put them all in a little tin box up the fireplace chimney till Dicky goes back next summer and I go to visit her. Then we'll read them over, sitting on our bearskin rug, and every marvellous minute will come back—like your Nan tomorrow!

HERSELF.



Father Bear's Bookshelf

THE HEART OF A DOG

Albert Payson Terhune

For All Dog-Lovers the World Over

The beautiful sight of a thoroughbred collie atop a high place, snowy fore-feet sturdily placed, gold-white coat ruffled by winds, tail a graceful curve, and eyes sadly grave, enhances the jacket of this book, and whets the hunger of the dog-lover as he sees this new book by Terhune. The contents of the book are labeled: Fox! The Coming of Lad, The Meanest Man, The Tracker, "Youth Will Be Served!" Lochinvar Bobby, "One Minute Longer," and Afterward. The stories are all told in the words of a writer who knows the innermost machinations of a dog's mind, who feels along with every act and deed of his dogs, and who has gloriously interpreted dog nature.

Fox! More particularly two foxes, Whitefoot and Lady Pitchdark, two prize silver foxes, and their adopted son, Ruff, are the trio who comprise the central interest in this story. The two foxes' race for freedom, their struggle with the wild things for life, and their adoption of Ruff, a collie puppy, is all enticing *hors d'oeuvres* to this feast of dog stories. The Coming of Lad, The Meanest Man, The Tracker, are centered about that king of all collies, Lad, the Sunnybank collie. His bravery, patience, and sunny disposition will be remembered long among dog-lovers' anecdotes about "my dogs."

"Youth Will Be Served" has genuine

pathos and appeal, in the story of the old judge, McGilead, who gives Bruce the loyalty of his affections and the award at the collie show. McGilead's crusty, lovable thoughts ran something like this: "Bruce! Glorious old Brucie, whose progress had been McGilead's own life-monument! To slink out of the ring—at his very last show, too—defeated by a puppy! Oh, this rotten cult of youth—youth—youth! He and Bruce were both back numbers at last. But were they?"—"Bruce wins!" he proclaimed . . . "Bruce wins!"

Lochinvar Bobby is the charming account of a Scotch collie and a good dog sportsman. "One Minute Longer" and Afterward, complete the book with the story of Wolf, heir to his great sire, Lad of Sunnybank. There is just room to add the postscript written by the author on the last page. Here it is:

"All dogs die too soon. Many humans don't die soon enough. A dog is only a dog. And a dog is too gorgeously normal and wholesome to be made ridiculous in death by his owner's sloppy sentimentality. The stories of one's dogs, like the recital of one's dreams, are of no special interest to others. Perhaps I have talked overlong about these two collie chums of ours. Belatedly, I ask your forgiveness if I have bored you.

"ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE."

THE HEART OF A DOG. By Albert Payson Terhune. George H. Doran Company, New York. \$3.00 net.

(Continued from page 101)

pose, Paul, we put it back and close up the bank."

But to close "the bank" was easier said than done.

"The spring absolutely refuses to catch," said Donald, after trying for some time.

"But we shouldn't go away and leave the money exposed," objected Aunt Jean.

"We found the key to this house," volunteered Bobbie.

"And someone else might," said Ruth.

"Let's hide the money some place else," suggested Paul.

"How would the owner find it?" objected Ethel.

"We could leave a note, couldn't we?" retorted Paul.

"For someone beside the owner to read," said Aunt Jean.

"Who?" asked Betty.

"Gypsies or Indians—maybe," said Donald slyly.

"We could take it with us," said Pauline, "and—"

"Get arrested," interrupted Ethel.

"You might take it to Mr. Jones," said Ruth. "He's the lawyer in Fairville who holds the key to Donald's house. You could leave a note here saying what you had done."

"The note to read, 'Call at Mr. Jones?'" questioned Donald, his eyes twinkling.

"There may not be as many Joneses in this part of the country as there are in Utica," laughed Ruth.

"Possibly not," agreed her brother. "Well, what do you know about that?"

By the expressions on the faces into which he gazed, no one knew anything about it, "it" being the sudden apparent coming to life of all six monkeys, and

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Dear Letter-Writers:—Another week brings another pile of Beacon Club letters, and all and each are just as eagerly received and read by Ye Beacon Club Editor, who is ever on the job to do just that!

NORTH EASTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I like the Twisted Names, Automobiles, and Mountains. Today I worked out the Cross Word Puzzle. I am twelve years old and I am in the seventh grade. My friend Helen Luzner sent in a story a while ago. I am sending one with this letter and I hope you will like it. My two sisters, Dorothy and Hazel, have already joined. I have a little brother five years old. We also have a gray African parrot that is twenty-seven years old. He can say quite a few things. I like The Three Bears' Corners also.

Your loving friend,

LOUISE W. KEITHE.

2212 T ST.,
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck:—I would like very much to belong to The Beacon Club and wear its button as I love to read the stories and letters. I am eleven years old and in the seventh grade of the Newton Booth School. Our teacher's name is Miss Bray, and our minister's name is Mr. Blake. I am enclosing two cents for a Beacon Club button. With much love from

MARGARET HARIRE.

22 PLEASANT ST.,
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck:—We are twins and each of us would like very much to have a button. We go to the Unitarian church. We read *The Beacon* every Sunday. We are nine years old. I cut my finger yesterday with brother's knife and cannot write very well.

EDGAR AND CYNTHIA WEBB.

(Continued from page 103)

anyone who has visited the zoo knows that six monkeys chattering at one and the same time make something of a noise.

Aunt Jean was the first to recover from the surprise. She crossed the room and lifted Betty from the cricket on which she was standing, the better to view the monkeys, when immediately the room became quiet. But only for a second. The next it was ringing with laughter.

"This is an enchanted house!" cried Ruth. "Don, why couldn't you have fallen heir to one?"

"Look what's coming!" cried Paul from his place by the window.

Coming down the road was a strange procession. A dilapidated wagon piled high with camping utensils, drawn by a red horse, headed the procession. Two dark-skinned men were perched upon the seat of the wagon. Next in the procession came two dark-skinned women. Following the women, came a boy and a dirty white dog.

"It's the gypsies," whispered Bobbie.

"Quiet, Barney," commanded Aunt Jean.

"Barney remembers the white dog. He growled at us," said Paul. "Goody,

Dear Cubs:—What ho! How are you all and what do you think of the Beacon Club Award we have granted this week? The answer, I can hear it, "Very Good!"

FALL

BY ELLEN ANNA FENNER
(Age 9)

When the starry goldenrod
Shows its yellow blossoms fair,
And the yellow-centered aster,
Blossoms purple everywhere,
When the maples russet turn
And the leaves drop, all,
What is this falling leaf-time?
It is just Fall!

they're not coming down the lane. Maybe they didn't know it was there."

"Why, what has become of the strange little girl? Does anyone know? Did anyone see her go?" asked Ruth suddenly.

Donald and Aunt Jean exchanged glances. Had her flight anything to do with the gypsies? their eyes asked.

But it wasn't Donald who found her, after all, but Ruth.

"I simply looked in a place that as a child I used to select above all others as an ideal hiding place, and there she was!" exclaimed Ruth.

"Great-grandfather's clock," guessed Donald.

"Well, Peanut, you're the first little girl who ever ran away from me," said Donald.

"She won't do it again," Ruth promised for her. "Miss Wingate, let Donald and me assume the responsibility of this one little girl, you have so many children."

"With pleasure," smiled Aunt Jean. "Children, it has stopped raining. We must be starting if we would find shelter for the night."

"Auntie Jean has promised to let us take turns choosing the house where we shall stop," said Pauline. "I'm to choose for tonight."

"Why not choose this house?" asked Donald.

"We would hardly like to trespass further," returned Aunt Jean. "Donald, as you are going directly to Mr. Jones, won't you take the gold pieces to him?"

"Why not come with us?" suggested Donald. "I think we would better be starting at once."

"When I'm a big man I'm coming back and buy this nice house," declared Bobbie.

"So'm I," echoed Betty.

During the shout of laughter that greeted Betty's speech, Aunt Jean started the car.

Half way across the little bridge, and there came the ominous sound of splintering wood. (To be continued)

Fun for the Puzzlers

ENIGMA

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 16, 10, 6, 11, 19, 4 is a spice.

My 14, 9, 7, 12 is a unit of measure.

My 1, 8, 5, 13 are also units of measure.

My 2, 17, 15, 8 is where one may walk.

My 18, 3, 11 is kept on every ship.

My whole is a famous woman.

ELIZABETH HUNTER.

TWISTED STATES

1. Enw Kroy. 2. Aneavd. 3. Kasanerb. 4. Filorniaca. 5. Wen Resjey. 6. Enaim. 7. Sinoilli. 8. Agirvini.

HELEN SCHOEN.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16

ENIGMA—Calvin Coolidge.

HIDDEN BIRDS—1. Martin. 2. Phoebe. 3. Tern.

4. Heron. 5. Curlew. 6. Loon. 7. Petrel. 8. Eagle. 9. Grouse. 10. Hawk.

(Continued from page 101)

"Up in the front seat, and show Fred the way!" commanded Foster.

The lights of a racing car showed down the length of road behind them as the truck turned on to the main thoroughfare, and then switched off to another byroad.

Fred rumbled steadily along, following Frank's well-remembered directions, and at ten o'clock the truck drew up in front of Burr's wharf.

An armed guard hurried out to meet the boys, scanning the truck with anxious eyes—relieved when he made out the Sussex Naval Supplies.

"We'd better see the captain," Foster said. "The truck didn't come through quite the way he expected."

"You're right, buddy, it didn't," and the guard took them on board the dapper little *Lady Slipper*, resting beside the dock edge.

"So you ran the bootlegger's gauntlet, eh?" smiled the captain, when the day's events had been related. "The *Lady Slipper* fights just such things, you see—and she's the terror of this port! Want to ship as crew for two days? Well—I dunno as you can't, but here's a disappointment for you. She's just making for New York on a business trip this time, though we gave out 'special reasons' to the Naval Supplies as a 'leak' tip. But good work, my hearties, good work!"

"Well—the Quartette didn't do so badly by itself over the week-end," Flips grinned, as they held forth in Tower Suite Tuesday night. "A good truck scraze, Boston, New York via the *Lady Slipper*, and our train fare back to Cranston!"

"Not so—

"Bad at—

"All!" the three others finished for him.